



THE IRISH NATIONALIST

FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

VOLUME II.

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To New York, by express, in all circumstances will any advertisement of uncharitable or doubtful influence be inserted in these columns. Notices coming from parties unknown to the Publishers, must be paid in advance.

THE FAITHLESS SHEPHERDS.

"Os habent, et non loguntur :
Oculus habent, et non vident."

BY SPERANZA (LADE WILDER.)

Dead I die ! Ye are dead while ye live.
Ye have a name that ye live—but are dead.
Neither counsel nor love did ye give.
And your lips never uttered a word.
While swift ruin downward sped,
And the plague raged on undisturbed.
Not a thrill of true life in your veins,
Not a pulse in your passionate heart.
How ye should bear your part,
When summoned the strife to leave,
For your Country, with Death and the Grave.

Ye have gold for the follies of fashion,
And gold for its timid glare,
But none for the wild, sobbing passion
Wrong from the lips of despair;
False Shepherds and Guides are ye,
For the heart in each bosom is cold
As the ice on a frozen sea;

And your wrappings of velvet and gold
Lie heavy and close as a pall,
When the steps of the bearers fall
On a grave, with measured tread ;
For ye seem to live—but are dead.

We are dead—we are dead ! stone by stone
The temple is crumbling down ;
It will fall with a crash of doom.
For the night deepens dark in its gloom.
But ye look on with vacuous stare,
Like men lying still in the tomb.

Stand forth ! face the sun, if ye dare,
With your cold eyes unwit a lead,
For your Country laid low on your bier,
And say—have ye stretched forth a hand
To raise up our desolate Land ?

She dies—but ye flourish and grow
In the midst of the deadly mass ;
Like the palm springing heavenward?—No,
But like weeds in the churchyard fed
By the vapors of death below,
Breathing round you a poisonous haze.

Go—go ! True life is not so—
For decay lies beneath your tread,
And the staff in your hand is a rod—
Too weak for your Country's need ;
For you seem to live—but are dead.

Ye are dead !—ye are dead ! Fling the clay
On the noble names—noble no more ;
Leave the sword in the sheath to rust ;
Let the banners be trailed in the dust ;
And the memory perish away.

Of the dead, who are dead evermore ;—
Blot them out from the book writ in gold.

Nobie neither in dead nor in soul,
Are ye worthy to stand in the roll
Of the glorified heroes of old ?

Has Ireland need of such sons ?
Floating down with a silken sail,
On the crimson tide of her life, that runs
With a mournful, ceaseless wail,

Like rain pouring down from the eaves.

And ye laugh when the strangers deride,
Her trials, the saddest and sorest ;
And plunge the sword deep in her side ;
And no kindly heart sighs or grieves

For her branches, all bare as a forest,
When the autumn wind scatters the leaves.

Laugh low with your perfumed breath,
For the air is heavy with death.

But ye heed not the gliding feet
Of the Future, that stands at your door.

For the roses lie heavy and sweet,

And too thick on your marble floor.

And the dead soul is dead to his call.

And your eyes are heavy with woe ;

Traced by a hand dirise—

The writing of God on the wall—

"Ye are weighed, and found wanting"—Oh, shame !

Your life is a gilded lie ;

And the wide world that doom has read,

With a shudder and chill of dread ;

For the judgment of God is nigh,

And the universe echoes the cry—

You've a name that ye live—but are DEAD.

IRISH NEWS.

A MEETING of the land owners of the Boyne Drainage District, comprising the counties of Kildare, Meath, Westmeath, and King's County, was held at No. 51 Pembroke-road, Dublin, to elect trustees. Dr. Jolly presided. The following gentlemen were elected: Messrs. J. H. Rochford Boyd, J. Jolly, Edward Briscoe, Thos. Franks, William Owen, William Fetherstonhaugh, Thomas Murray, Henry French, C. C. Palmer, J. Marston, Frederick Langan, Garrett Tyrrell, S. A. Nicholls, J. Russell, and Capt. Dames.

A MEETING of the Committee of the Ennis Literary and Musical Association was held in the Town Hall, recently, for the purpose of considering the advisability of organizing a series of concerts, to be held in that winter similar to those which gave such satisfaction when first promoted. There were present the Rev. Philip Dwyer, the Rev. Mr. White, G. C. Dillon, John Hill, C. E.; A. Minikin, Manager National Bank; J. L. Wright, Manager Munster Bank; David Smith, and Mons. Non.

At last meeting of the Cavan Union the guardians were engaged for three days disposing of the contracts for the ensuing year.

THE IMPRESSIVE ceremony of the reception of a Sister of Poor Clares took place in the Catholic Church, Ballyjamesduff, on Wednesday, the 23d ult.

A VACANCY for poor collector having occurred in the Cavan Union by the resignation of Mr. Ben, the guardians agreed to put the office up to public competition, instead of offering a fixed poundage.

On the night of the 19th a fire broke out in the mill of John Lancaster, at Townspark, Ballinasloe, and were seriously damaged.

THE late Blake Forster left ready for the printer's hands a History of Ireland, compiled from the rarest manuscripts with which he was entrusted by historians from all quarters. To

the usual weekly meeting of the Galway Board of Guardians on Sept. 18th among the minutes were read the following report, in which it appears that he had sent a specimen of the work supplied on the 9th ult., to Dr. Cameron for analysis, as he had considered it adulterated, from its specific gravity, as seen by lactometer.

Mr. John Conidine, a native of Kilrush, but a resident of New Orleans, La., for the last ten years, was mortally wounded in the late disturbance in that city. He was buried September 21st.

At the suggestion of Mr. Pim, the Harbor Commissioners, on the 23d decided to proceed with the erection of a fifth jetty without waiting for the completion of the dredging machine for the preparation of the quay.

THE Cork Examiner states that the first act of Brook Richard Brasier, Ballyellis, Mallow, on coming of age, was to give to the Very Rev. Dr Downes, P. P. rent free forever the beautiful site for a new church for his Catholic tenants in the town of Kilmallock.

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On the 15th, the new arrangement for better accommodations of the traffic of the town on fairs and market days came into operation, and on the whole was a good success. The Town Commissioners have provided that the sale of young horses, young pigs, pigs on foot, pork, grain, flax, and tow shall now take place at what was heretofore known as the "Cattle Market," on the road to Greyabbey, and that the market for the sale of cattle is to be called the "New Cattle Market," an enclosed space on the Shore Road adjoining the old market.

At the Cookstown Board of Guardians, on Sept. 10th, a motion was brought forward by one of the Guardians, Mr. W. A. Guinnane, to rescind an order of the Board passed in May, 1873, giving permission to representatives of the press to be present at the meetings of the Board. There was much warm discussion on this novel and retrograde proposition; but eventually the motion was lost by one vote, thirteen voting for and fourteen against the motion.

THE first exhibition of GLENNAH Horticultural Society took place on the 11th, in the Earl of Carysfort's splendid demesne, within a short distance of the town of Arklow. Although the society is in its infancy, the show was very creditable, the display of flowers, &c., though necessarily limited, being extremely good. The entries this year were confined to the laborers and mechanics on Lord Carysfort's estate; but in future the tenantry will compete, and thus establish a highly important society in this part of the country. Mr. Jones, of the firm of Pennick & Company, Delgany, acted as judge and the awards gave general satisfaction. The prizes were distributed by the Countess of Carysfort. The Arklow brass band was on the ground, and played a choice selection of music. After the show had concluded several foot races, &c., took place for prizes given by Lord Carysfort.

THE first establishment of Rathkeale was held on the 18th ult., and fully sustained its character as one of the leading markets for the sale of all description of cattle in the south of Ireland. The supply of cattle and sheep was one of the largest ever witnessed on the green, and buyers were in attendance from most of the Irish and English centres. The horse fair was only nominal.

Dr. M. P. O'Connor was unanimously elected Dispensary Doctor for the Gaffaly and Ballylanders district.

THE crew of the s.s. Red Sea, which was wrecked at sea more than a week since, passed through the Cork Sailors' Home of their respective destinations last week—about 24 in all, we understand. They were a fine body of young men, but all in a very desultory condition as far as appearances went. They lost all their clothes in the ill-fated ship. Before leaving the poor fellows expressed themselves deeply grateful for the generous treatment they received at the Home.—"Cork Examiner," Oct. 5.

THESE are a hitch preventing the coroner's election for the North Riding of Tipperary. It arose from a difficulty in ascertaining the exact city, with the view of ejecting at the municipal limits of the Thurles district.

elections, to be held on Oct. 25th, aldermen and councillors who are said to hold views on the mayoralty question antagonistic to those held by their constituents. The candidates whose names have been spoken of in connection with the office of mayor are—Councillor Creagan, Alderman Myles, and Councillor Cronin.

This tenant's interest in a farm of 164 statute acres, on the estate of Major Phayre, within three miles of Enniscorthy, was set up at auction in the Market House on Sept. 18th, held by lease of 300 years at the yearly rent £165. The bidding commenced at £200, and quickly ran up to £1,100, when the competition was between A. H. Goff, Esq., solicitor, and James Devereux, Esq. The bidding closed at £1,250, offered by Mr. Goff.

A NUMBER of emigrants left Tralee recently en route for New Zealand. They consisted principally of young people, strong and active, of both sexes.

A sum of about £200 being subscribed by all sections of the inhabitants, a deputation from the committee having charge of Whitworth Testimonial have decided that it shall take the form of a drinking fountain. On the laying of the foundation stone it was intended to present Mr. Whitworth with a suitable address.

On the 18th, Archibald Mateer, J. P., Carlingford was engaged there in executing a distress against the property of Hugh Harold, P. L. G., when, after some altercation, the latter, at a place called Liberties, fired two pistol shots at Mateer. The second bullet grazed his back. Harold was arrested and lodged in jail. The affair has created great excitement at Inniskeen.

THE Rev. Dr Darley, archdeacon of Ardagh, was elected Protestant Bishop on the 23d ult. He has created great excitement at Inniskeen.

At the Nenagh petty sessions on the 19th ult., two men were fined 6s. each, and costs, at the suit of the police, for filling a load of hay on the previous Sunday.

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EASTERN NEWS.

WASHINGTON, October 25.—Intimate friends of President Grant say that he has made no allusion to them concerning the third-term question. They say that although much has been said and written on the subject, the question has not come to him in any form to require a reply, therefore any utterance he might make would not be gratious and intrusive, but contrary to usage.

Several Texas Republicans interested in the proposed changes in Government offices are in Washington. In case Governor Peace declines the Collectorship of Galveston, it will be tendered to General Shields, member of Congress from Alabama many years ago, still later representing the Government in South America, but who for several years has been a prominent citizen of Texas. It is not yet decided who is to be appointed Postmaster at Houston. Kellogg estimates the total registry at 165,000, with the negroes about 6,000 ahead of the whites.

New York, October 25.—A Herald New Orleans special registry returns now completed show that one in three of the total population of the city is registered. While the Republicans charge the Democrats with manufacturing 3,000 alleged naturalization papers, the Democrats claim that they have detected 3,000 repeating frauds. Kellogg estimates the total registry at 165,000, with the negroes about 6,000 ahead of the whites.

New York, October 25.—A Mobile dispatch states that all the testimony in the case of the alleged conspirators in Sunbury County was taken on Saturday and immediately John Little, deceased, Colonel Lee, two of the four defendants were discharged. It appeared that these two were to be used for the defence and that they were mere co-defendants, that the defence might be deprived of their evidence. Lester, the United States official who caused the arrest of the men, was with Admiral Sammes as junior officer on the confederate Cruiser Alabama.

New Orleans, October 26.—The Democratic Conservative State Central Committee have addressed to General Emery a protest against the action of Major Merrill at Shreveport, in arresting certain persons, there for an offence which was only to be brought before the Civil Courts, according to State laws. They protest that these two were to be used for the defence and that they were mere co-defendants, that the defence might be deprived of their evidence.

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 31, 1874.

TO-DAY.

BY SPERANZA (LADY WILDE).

Has the line of the Patriots ended,
The race of the heroes failed,
That the bow of the mighty, unbended,
Falls from the hands of the quailed?

Or do graves lie too thick in the grass
For the chariot of progress to pass?

Did the men of the past ever falter?
The stainless in name and fame.
They flung life's best gifts on the altar
To kindle the sacrifice flame,

Till it rose like a pillar of light
Leading up from Egyptian night.

Oh! hearts all flame, with the daring
Of youth leaping forth into life!
Have ye courage to lift up, unfearing,
The banner fallen low in the strife.

From hands faint through life's deepest loss,
And bleeding from nails of the cross?

Can ye work on them you worked—unaided,
When all but honor seemed lost?

And give to your Country, as they did,
All, without counting the cost?

For the children have risen since then

Up to the height of man.

Now, swear by those pale martyr-faces,
All worn by the furrows of tears,

By the lost youth no morrow replaces,

By all their long wasted years,

By the fire that out on each hearth,

When the Exiles were driven forth;

By the raven hair blanched to grey,

By the strong spirits crushed and riven,

By the noble alms faded away,

By their brows, as the brows of a king,

Crowned by the circles of suffering—

To strive as they strove, yet retrieving

The cause from all shadow of blame,

In the Congress of Peoples achieving

A place for our nation and name;

Not by war between brothers in blood,

But by glory made perfect through good.

We are blind, not discerning the promise,
'Tis the sword of the Spirit that kills us;

Give us Light, and the fitters fall from us,

For the strong soul is free when it wills.

Not our wrongs but our sins make the cloud

That darkens the land like a shroud.

With this sword like an Archangel gleaming,

Go war against Evil and Sin,

Gainst the falsehood, and meanness, and seeming

That strike the true life within.

You besides are the bonds of the soul,

Strike them off, and you spring to the goal!

O men who have passed through the furnace,

Assayed like the gold, and are pure!

By your strength can the weakest gain firmness

The strongest may learn to endure,

When once they have chosen their part,

Though the sword may drive home to each heart,

O Martyrs! The scorners may trample

On the broken hearts strewed in their path;

But the young rose, all finished by example,

Will awake to the duties it hath,

And re-kindles your own torch of Truth!

With the passionate splendor of youth!

A Veteran Rebel.

Anthony Brady, an old resident of Sydney, who had attained the ripe age of 111 years, died, at his residence, Upper Elizabeth street, on Tuesday morning, May 29th. The deceased was born in Cavan, Ireland, in the year 1769, and was consequently in the prime of life during that disturbed period of Ireland, 1798, and the Reign of Terror in France in an earlier year. By a spirit which animated many of his countrymen he was led to take part in the insurrection. He was taken, tried before Lord Norbury, and sentenced to transportation for life. Had it not been for a recommendation to mercy on the part of Lord Norbury, the judge, he would have been condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, as he had been condemned to death. He was sent out here in the ship "Three Bee," and landed in the year 1813. This ship, it may be remembered, was after arrival burned in the harbor. In 1810 Brady made his escape in a French ship, which landed him in France; thence he made his way to Ireland. He was again arrested in Dublin in the year 1826, and spent the second time tried before Lord Norbury, who again condemned him to transportation for life. Arriving here again he was fortunate to meet with Dr. Beaumont, who took him as an assistant in the hospital. Here he had a comfortable and good position for some years. Dr. Beaumont gave him a farm, but as his family, who were composed of five members, would not come here he went to live with Father Terry, who was then visiting chaplain to the hospital. Father Terry placed him in charge of the Devonshire street burial-ground, which place he had charge of for many years. When he became too old to attend to the duties which were required of him as sexton at the burial-ground, he was taken to St. Mary's, where he remained until it was burnt in 1865. He was the old man, it will be remembered, who had to be carried out of the burning building. Afterwards he was provided with a house, and taken care of by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd Convent till the time of his death. His memory and faculties remained unimpaired up to his death, though his speech was injured through the loss of his palate.

The Paris papers relate how a Spanish nobleman, indignant with M. Louis Veuillot for his recent violent article so insulting to Marshal Serrano and the ex-Queen, wished to fight the great Ultramontane champion. The hidalgos was probably not aware that M. Louis Veuillot long ago renounced all carnal weapons; he went out twice in his hot youth, once his hat was grazed, and the second time the bullet of his adversary passed through his clothes. He expressed great consternation, and he swore, as Daniel O'Connell did after shooting Alderman d'Estere, never to fight again with sword or pistol. Since the date in question—1857—M. Louis Veuillot has confined himself to his pen, and what effect is pretty well known. The very notion of a flagellation from the editor of the "Univers" makes the bold and most veteran polemist quail, and it may be truly said of him that he lashes with sorrows.

RUFFIANISM IN BIRMINGHAM.—The Birmingham Morning News states that it has become positively unsafe for people to walk the streets of that town in the daytime. Street ruffianism is on the increase, notwithstanding the police are doing all in their power to put a stop to it.

Farmers in San Diego are preparing to put in a large crop this winter, when the cold air from the north will be more severe than usual.

An editorial notice of a woman's grocery store gives the following: "Her stockings are red as her own cheeks; her indigo as blue as her own eyes, and her poppy red as her own temperament."

On TOWER STREET, San Francisco, there is a

Corporation Counsel, or an O'Brien for Sheriff, But this was never done willingly, and during the nomination of the old King the only use ever found for the Irishman was to vote. The Irishmen will be summoned like sheep to the shambles, to 'rally' and 'flock' and 'support,' to 'vote early and often,' and the earlier and oftener the better. But now, when the rewards and trophies are to be distributed, nothing is heard of them. Nothing is more useful before an election, or more useless after, than an Irishman."

A Widows Witness.

It was told of old that the cackle of a goose once saved Rome. It is now related that a swallow won a suit in court away down in Texas. A poor widow and her daughter had suit for damages before a court in Houston. The council for the plaintiff introduced into his pleading the fable of the swallow, that built her nest and reared her young under the eaves of the temple of justice. The lawyer enlarged upon the swallow's trust in the protection of her home the place afforded, and very aptly made the application to the case before the court. When the counsel was about to finish his illustration a swallow actually flew into the room and alighted upon the judges desk. It then hopped away and flew around for the sole of its foot on the railing of the jury-box. In its circuit of the court room it hopped while on a pile of law books, then hovered a moment over the heads of the plaintiffs, and flew out of the window and away. The counsel concluded by saying: "Behold the witness," and as the witness could not be called back by the opposing counsel, the case was given to the jury pretty much as the swallow left it. The jury did not ignore the bird's evidence, and gave a verdict for the widow. The story is a little birdy, but not not in the least fishy. If it was a pre-concerted plan of the lawyer it was very happily arranged and nicely carried out, and deserves a place among court reports and curiosities.

Who is RESPONSIBLE?—The other day (says an exchange) a two-cent dog—that is, a dog that scents or sniffs two ways—one with the wind, one against the wind—sprang from an alley, closely followed by a five-cent brick. Rounding the corner at right angles he came in contact with the feet of a Dutchwoman, who was carrying a jug of molasses in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other. The sudden collision of the dog with her lower extremities threw her from her feet, and she sat down upon the basket of eggs, at the same time breaking the jug of molasses upon the pavement. A young gentleman, carpet bag in hand, sauntered to the train, was running close behind, and stepping over the fragments of the jug and its contents, sat down on the chair of the Dutchwoman, who said, "Mine Got." The young man said something about mad dog, but in the excitement said it backwards. In the meantime the dog ran against the feet of a lot of horses attached to a load of potatoes, and they taking fright started from home. The ending along falling out, they unhooked the potatoes, and as they went, they went. Crossing a railroad track the waggon caught in the rails and tore one of them from its place. A freight train coming along few moments later was thrown from the track, smashing a dozen cars, killing the engine, and forty horses. The horses on reaching home, ran through a barn yard and overturned a milk-pail and content, which another two-cent dog licked up. One of the horses having broken his leg was killed that morning and the other crippled for life. It is now a mooted question whether the man who owns it is responsible for the chapter of accidents which followed.

RIBBONS

A Specialty at Importers' rates, printed 002, made to order, and sold in quantities.

Orders from the country promptly attended to at lowest rates.

888 Market street.... Newly opposite Fourth and Howard Streets, and 99 (Irish-American Hall), 111 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

WAGON AND CARRIAGE MAKERS

123 FOURTH ST., (near Minna.)

Men's Boots ... from \$2.50 to \$4.00
Men's Boots (best quality) ... from \$5.00 to \$8.00
Boys and Girls' Boots, ... from 1.50 to 2.50
Ladies' Garters, ... from 1.00 to 1.75
Misses' Balmorals, ... from 1.00 to 1.50
Children's French Gait., ... from 1.25 to 1.50
Children's French Goat, ... from 1.00 to 1.50

Wear and tear, and wear and tear, twenty thousand pairs of Boots and Shoes during this month, and sacrifices may be looked for. The public and our customers will have the benefit. Bargains for the million at NOLAN BROS., No. 11 Third street, first shop store from Market.

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THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

8

Nationality and Government by Police.

From the Dublin "Irishman."—"Both ancient and modern times are an opinion of a superstition has generally prevalent that there is such a thing as 'judicial infatuation' which occasionally compels the guilty unconsciously to practice their own condemnation. Illustrations that sustain might certainly be freely found in the columns of the English journals whenever they deal with the question of national sentiment in any country but Ireland. Scarcely a week passes over in which we might not find several columns of the Irishmen in English seats of justice condemning of English rule in Ireland—extracted from the leading newspapers of England. These condemnations are not, indeed, directly applied to that rule, but they are buried at systems and principles of government exactly identical with those under which Ireland is crushed. It is not very long since the Times newspaper published one of most powerful thunderings against an attempt to give the police force in some county or city in England something approaching to a military character. It denounced the attempt in language equally forcible and just—pointing out that to tolerate any attempt at 'playing at soldiers' in the police was then entirely unfit for their proper duty—to make them ready to use murderous weapons against the people on every provocation—and seriously to endanger constitutional liberty by destroying the distinctions between the civil and military power. The smallest indication of such a system all Englishmen were called on genetically to resist."

"We need scarcely say the system thus vehemently denounced is exactly that which exists in all the full-blown enormity in Ireland. Lord Mayo, when Chief Secretary for Ireland did not hesitate to say in his place in Parliament that the impunity which crime sometimes met with in Ireland was mainly to be attributed to fact that their military character and training had made the police wholly unfit for their proper duty—that the apprehension of offenders and the detection of crime."

The morning Post of Monday last comes perhaps near the point when it emphatically denounces the employment of a police force for the suppression of national sentiment and feelings. "For what else, we should be glad to know, is 'the army of occupation' called? The Royal Irish Constabulary, really maintained? It is true that the denunciation of the Post applies not to the English Government of Ireland, but to the German Government of Schleswig. But words are words, and things are things, and 'judicial infatuation' never had a stronger illustration than the indifference, whatever it was, which impelled the Morning Post to write such a sentence as this:—"

"The press never performs its office more worthily than when it devotes its energies to the counteraction and exposure of all attempts to stifle national sentiment by the gag of police supervision and arbitrary force."—*and so goes Ireland.*

The words, significant enough in themselves, acquire additional force from the context in which they were placed. Schleswig is now subject to Germany, by a transaction at least as legitimate as that which trampled down Irish freedom in 1801. Some of the Schleswigers are dissatisfied with subjection to Germany, just as some few of the Irish are discontented with the act of Union. To suppress the grumblings the Schleswigers, rather violent remedies were resorted to—just as in Ireland the expression of the national dissatisfaction has been met by those acts which in grim humor are called peace preservation acts. The English Press denounced the severities practised in the German provinces. In this good work the Morning Post took a prominent part. A German journal defended its Government on the ground that all separatist tendencies in Schleswig must be strongly repudiated, and the very discussion prevented. To this the Morning Post replies—

In effect the Norddeutsche Algemeine Zeitung does not confine itself even to the foregoing admissions. In an unconscious access of communicativeness, that journal, which certainly ought to be well informed, roundly confesses that it was to suppress the national inclinations of the Schleswig population, and above all to keep the uncomfortable subject from being bruited abroad on the wings of the press, that such merciless rigour was put forth against every appearance of Danish sentiment. "We believe," states the semi-official journal "that the energy late exhibited in this province by the German Government, with regard to certain separatist tendencies, was in fact used in order to prevent fresh reopenings of the Schleswig 'question' in the press." It must certainly be said that, in this case, the annexers of Schleswig have hit upon precisely the best means for defeating their not very commendable object; and we believe, in our turn, that by this time they are beginning to open their eyes to the extent of the blunder they have committed. The press never performs its office more worthily than when it devotes its energies to the counteraction and exposure of all such attempts to stifle national sentiment by the gag of police supervisors and arbitrary force."

Probably it did not occur to the writers either in the Times or the Morning Post that England is at this moment keeping in Ireland a standing army of more than 30,000—including the metropolitan police of more than 12,000 men. The army is maintained under the pretense of a police, but is in reality a standing army kept on foot without the assent of Parliament. Mr. Disraeli has said that it is really an "army of occupation." It is a force regularly officered and drilled, commanded from Dublin Castle, and subject in no degree to any local control. Its members all carry the deadly weapons of military array. They march in arrays along the roads. They live in barracks in which the forms of military service are every day more enforced. The late Lord Rosse declared that as police—that is, as guardians of the peace—they were five times as needed for all civil purposes, but that they were maintained not for the proper purposes of constables, but like the Black Watch of Scotland, for the purpose of watching and suppressing what "our rulers" are pleased to call disaffection in the people. As the Morning Post would say, "to stifle National sentiment by the gag of police supervision and arbitrary force." That ancient Conservative noblemen (his services to science made him really eminent) did not hesitate to recommend their absorptions into the regular army, was the case in Scotland with the Black Watch, and the substitution for them of a much smaller, but more efficient, as well as more constitutional, body of constables, who would be in each district really guardians of the public peace.

Possibly, with the writer mentioned "gagging" the remembrance that there exists a law in Ireland—is there any law like it in Schleswig?

Under which if an official in Dublin is pleased

to consider the writing in any Irish paper to be

seditious or to have a tendency, we really do

not remember to what he may attach a very slight

formality, seize and destroy the paper, without

judge or jury bail or mainprise.

Jack Rabbits.

HOW ONE OF THEM SAVED A MINER'S LIFE.

While my friend Olyde and myself were out in the hills back of the Golden Gate Park last week, a jack rabbit came along, and stopped to look at us.

"If I had thought to bring my revolver along we would have Jack on toast for breakfast tomorrow," I remarked.

"Not without my consent," he replied.

"What reason can you give for not consenting?"

"It's a question of life and death."

"A rabbit saved my life, and I have not killed one since, and never will kill one again."

"How did he manage to save your life?"

"Three years ago I was living in Montana. A smelter had just been built, and it was in demand for silver rock. I owned an interest in a lead that had been sunk thirty feet. Think of the time had come to make it available. I decided to go there and get some ore, and to have it tested. I did so, and reached the place just in time to take-sights in the mine from a terrible hailstorm. I litched my candle, went to the bottom, and went to work. I had not been there more than five minutes when I heard a noise that sounded like a cannon. The rock over my head shook, and in a moment the shaft behind me caved in. I could not imagine my feelings better than I can describe them, when I found myself buried alive. I trembled even at this distant day when I think of that moment. The root of the shaft was rocks, and when they came down they did not break so tight but that the air came through. There was nothing that I could do to release myself. I knew that if I tried to dig out from the outside I must perish. No one knew I had gone there. A road ran past the mouth of the shaft; but it was not traveled much, and I was not likely to attract attention by calling; nevertheless, I shouted at intervals all day. The following morning I commenced calling again; and all day, whenever I thought I heard sound, I shouted.

"When night came again all hopes of being released had abandoned me. One thing added great bitterness to my sufferings. I owed quite a large amount of money, and my creditors would think me dead to demand these and my name would be stigmatized."

"I will not dwell on the agonies I endured; I am sure you cannot forget them."

The morning of the fourth day of my imprisonment, I heard something crawl into my grave. I litched my candle and saw a rabbit. There was only one aperture large enough to admit him; I closed it to prevent his escape. I saw in his food to appease my hunger, and my hand was raised to kill him, when a thought occurred to me that prevented the blow from descending. I had two flat-sabines; their united heads would reach to the roof. I took off my shirt, tore it into strings, tied them together, and on to the fish-line. I wore a long gold watch-chain. I tied it on to the part of the line that would cross the road. I then cut several leaves from my diary, wrote on them my condition, and tied them on to that part of the line that would be outside. Then I tied the end made out of my shirt around Jack's neck and let him loose. He soon reached the end of the line, and I knew by the way he was pulling that he was making desperate attempts to escape. Soon the juggling stopped, and knowing gnawing to be Jack's chief accomplishment, I thought he had himself loose. About three hours afterwards I felt the line pulled, then some one called; I tried to answer, but the hoarse noise I made died in the cavern. I then pulled the line to show I was not dead.

"All grew still again, and I knew the man had come for assistance. Then came the sound of voices; I pulled in the line, and it brought food. It took all the men who worked in the shaft nine hours to reach me."

"A very large pine tree that stood near the shaft had been the cause of my misfortune. It had been dead a number of years, and the storm had blown it over. The terrible blow it struck the ground had caused the cave."

"Jack had wound the line around a bush, and tied himself so short that he was imprisoned outside as securely as I had been inside. He was taken to town, put in a large cage, and supplied with all the rabbit delicacies the market afforded. He however, did not thrive, and the boys, believing that he 'pined in thought,' voted to set him free. He was taken back to his old girdling grounds and liberated."

"He not only saved my life, but became the benefactor of all the rabbits in the neighborhood—the miners refraining from shooting any, fearing it might be him."

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THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 31, 1874.

"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks; it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people; it is the summary name for many things; it seeks a literature more brilliant than that which is applied to express Irish thoughts and beliefs; it would make our music sound in every parish at twilight, our pictures sprinkle the walls of every home; it would thus fill the world with a full of a more intensely Irish character and knowledge, and to that end it would give Ireland it would give them the seeds of Ireland to sweep with their nets and secure with their nets, and it would bring to Ireland a greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland it enhance by their genius and valor. The independence of Ireland to guard by laws and arms."

THOMAS DAVEN.

"Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom?"

JOHN MITCHEL, Oct. 25th, 1853.

COUNTRY AGENTS FOR THE "IRISH NATIONALIST."

J. J. LANE.....	Nortonville, Costra Costa Co
PETER KERNS.....	Sausalito City, Monterey Co
ARTHUR ATTIGE.....	Watsonville, Santa Cruz Co
THOS. QUINN.....	Pino, Placer Co
MICHAEL LEONARD.....	Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz Co
THOS. OAKES.....	San Jose, Santa Clara Co
JOHN P. SARFIELD.....	Sacramento, Sacramento Co
JAS. CADDEN.....	Julian City, San Diego Co
BERNARD McCRESH.....	Crescent City, Del Norte Co
DANIEL HARLEY.....	Vallejo, Solano Co
BARTHOLOMEW COLGAN.....	Virginia City, Nev
WILLIAM REDMOND.....	Gold Hill, Nev
THOMAS WOGAN.....	Silver City, Nev
JOHN L. REIDY.....	Merced City, Merced Co
DANIEL F. HAYES.....	Denver, Colorado
F. M. CARROLL.....	San Diego
J. A. MULDONNEY.....	Stockton
JAMES McGOVERN.....	Gilroy

We would call the attention of our delinquent subscribers, to the fact that they are in our debt, and that we cannot afford to let them continue so. We use our best endeavors to give every one who takes the NATIONALIST value for their money, and at the same time to advocate the cause which we hold to be paramount—the independence of Ireland. It is on these grounds that we call, in the name of ordinary honesty, for a settlement of these long-outstanding debts. We have, this week, sent bills to all our subscribers who are delinquent, which show the amount of their indebtedness. We hope our appeal will meet with a prompt response. We strive to do our duty—we hope our friends will do the same.

Agents Wanted.

We are anxious to secure agencies in the various cities and towns east of the Rocky Mountains as well as in the Pacific States and Territories, and to the right parties will offer special opportunities. We would thank friends to interest themselves in aiding us to forward this end, as we are determined to make The IRISH NATIONALIST a true exponent of Irish feelings, and solely devoted to advance the cause of an INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC ON IRISH SOIL.

Postage on the Irish Nationalist.

The legal rate of postage on the IRISH NATIONALIST addressed to its regular subscribers, in the United States is 20c. per annum, or 5c. per quarter payable in advance at the Post-office where it is delivered. If any higher rates are demanded, report the fact to this office.

The subscription price of the IRISH NATIONALIST to city subscribers, is 40 cents per month.

MR. DENNIS GRIFFIN will act as our agent in Fort Jones, Siskiyou County.

Mr. J. A. Muldowney is our authorized agent in Stockton and San Joaquin County. He will receive subscriptions and advertisements for the IRISH NATIONALIST, and receipt for the same.

Mr. James McGovern is agent for the IRISH NATIONALIST in Gilroy and vicinity. He is authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements and receipt for the same.

Some of our hitherto delinquent subscribers have paid up—others are still in arrears. To the former we address our best thanks, to the latter our most earnest persuasions. By forwarding us once to this once the trifling amounts of your several indebtedness, you will enable us to supply you a still better paper in the future, and to make it a worthy exponent of the cause it advocates.

Subscribers, not receiving their paper regularly will confer a favor by informing us of the fact so that we may ascertain the cause if possible, and apply a remedy.

Mr. P. McConough has kindly consented to act as agent in Napa city and County. He is authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions.

The office of the IRISH NATIONALIST has been removed to 423 Washington street, near Sansome, Room 3 and 4.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. W.—"Leo" was the penname of John K. Casey. He was imprisoned in Mountjoy under the Lord Lieutenant's warrant. His best known poem is the "Rising of the Moon."

ALFRA, Gilroy.—It is quite true that England has the largest navy in the world, but hundreds of her ships are altogether out of date and lying useless in her docks. Her large iron-clads of the Devastation type have all proved more or less unsatisfactory, and useful only for harbor defense. As she at present stands, a few Alabama's would make it rather lively for the old lady who sits on the beer-barrel armed with a pitchfork.

We publish this week "A Few Words about Henry Grattan," extracted from the pages of the Harp. It is an interesting record of a great man, and will be read as such; but we need scarcely say that with the "Home Rule" rhapsodies in which our contemporary indulges we have no sympathy.

THE Harp comes to us promptly, and it is really refreshing to meet such a sterling national publication from a land which is still under the red flag of Britain. The current number presents even increased attractions, and appears in a new dress, at least in the cover. It comes to hand too late for an extended review this week, but we shall have more to say of it anon.

THE IMPORTANCE OF UNITY.

The universal tone of the Irish-American press is now inculcating a state of union and organization amongst our countrymen here, to be used at the first election for the establishment of the Irish-American element in the United States in a position worthy of their numbers and influence. This is a subject to which we cannot advert too frequently, or in whose importance too much stress can be laid. The Irish in their votes are the slaves of party, and are treated by the politicians who influence them as slaves, useful for the labor that can be got out of them, but utterly unworthy of any consideration beyond the election day. No Irish name can be found on the ticket, even of the Democratic party, for the politicians say, "we are sure of their vote in any case and will not waste a nomination on them." The German interest must be secured at all hazards, so they fill the spare places on the ticket with German names, for they know that the solid Teuton well understands the value of his franchise, and cannot be persuaded to use it for their interests by any less stirring inducements. It is time that this should come to an end. It is time that the vast Irish population of this country should take the political position to which they are fairly entitled, and should cease to be the mere tools of a set of greedy carpet-baggers and wire-pulling politicians. A little exertion would give us sufficient unity and organization to alter all this, and the required reforms are at length being agitated through the proper channel—the press which is distinctively our own. There is much to be gained by Irishmen through organization, in fact nothing is to be gained without it; and a thorough union of our political strength for the practical purpose of obtaining a recognized and worthy status here must be the initiatory step. Then the rest will follow naturally and easily. We will become esteemed at home and respected abroad. The scurrilous prints, and more scurrilous stage-jokes which have selected their butt from an imaginary and grossly conceived type of our countryman will be seen and heard no more. We will have a recognized and respected position in the country of our adoption, and will have made no contemptible advance towards obtaining a country of our own. For this we need only unity, and let this be secured at once. We have occupied a false position too long, and it is time it were rectified. It lies with ourselves to assert our dignity at the very next election.

ENGLAND'S DECAY.

History tells us that as nations become rich they become enervated, they cease to look after the development of their military resources, and in time they become the prey of powers ambitious though not wealthy, with, perhaps, but a small record of glory in the past, but burning to make their mark in the history of the present and the future.

The history of France in our own time affords an illustration of the evil effects that arise from neglect in keeping the war forces of a nation in a state of thorough preparation. France, with an army, fell with lightning-disorganized like rapidity before the forces of united Germany; yet no man living will assert that had the military resources of France been as thoroughly disciplined as those of her enemy the result might not have been far different. As it was although she has offered inducements, both in money, improved rations, and more than usual chances of promotion, she cannot fill her ranks, and of those whom the allurements of the recruiting sergeant manage to gather into the military net, or the pangs of hunger force to join a career in which capacity is necessary and character superfluous, more than one-half desert before they emerge from the awkward squad. The volunteer force, on which so much reliance has been placed by the Government and so much money spent to render it effective, is fast becoming thoroughly disorganized. The Army and Navy Journal tell us that at the recent review in which 6,000 volunteers had been summoned to take part, only one-half showed on the ground, and several regiments have been disbanded for not having completed the few drills required by the Government regulations.

The condition of her Navy is but little better than that of her Army. Vast sums of money have been spent in the construction of vessels of the Devastation type, all of which when tried in a heavy sea-way show a diagram of heel that would be most dangerous in even half a gale of wind. Of the older form of broadside ironclads several have been discovered to be perfectly unsatisfactory, and have had to be sold, while the others are being continually laid up for repairs. Forced to guard her interests in every quarter of the globe, she is quite at the mercy of any strong power with whom she may be forced to try conclusions, as in these days of short, sharp, and decisive wars, long ere her fleet could be collected her power would be crushed like an eggshell. These facts should be another incentive to Irishmen all over the world to organize thoroughly, so that when the day of England's difficulty arrives they may be ready to clutch from her tyrant grasp the freedom of their native land.

We would call attention to a letter from a correspondent, writing from Dublin, which appears in another column. We believe the picture he draws of the hardships under which tenants still labor is not overstrained, and certainly, in the face of the Land Act which was to be so powerful for good, they offer a significant commentary on English legislation for Ireland.

The Bull's Head, of Ohio, has entered upon the twenty-second year of its publication.

Editor—J. T. MORSE, DUBLIN.

RETURN OF JOHN MITCHEL.

Mr. Mitchel landed in New York on the 15th October, returning from a visit to his native land, from which he had been exiled for more than a quarter of a century. That visit was an epoch in Irish history, scarcely less than the memorable occasion which procured the expatriation of the distinguished exile. Mr. Mitchel is an eminently representative man; he is one of the remnants of an age that is passed, of a crisis in the fate of Ireland in which he was intimately concerned. His devotion to his country, proved by the crucial test of suffering, is of a character to command the respect of his enemies, and the undying estimation and affection of those who feel with him. His reception in Ireland was undemonstrative, for he himself deprecated a popular ovation, but it was none the less deeply heartfelt and silently enthusiastic. It is not surprising that he was unwilling to be made the recipient of a demonstrative welcome. He was returning, in himself the type and embodiment of a bygone and very sad year; of a year of famine and oppression and of fruitless insurrection; of a year when Ireland was one vast charnel house, where the spirit of liberty slept among the bones of her perished slaves. He came back with the memory of those dark days still clinging about him, with the memory, too, of his own gallant efforts to dissipate the trance of apathy, yet he found Ireland still crushed under the heel of oppression, still writhing against a despotism hitherto unshaken; so he refused the tendered ovation which would have made his return a triumphal entry, and solaced himself in the society of a few tried friends. Mr. Mitchel's visit has, we are glad to learn, been of service in re-establishing his health, and we trust he may yet have an opportunity of re-visiting Ireland under happier auspices. Meanwhile, as Ireland gave him on his brief visit, so America extends him on his return a genuine Irish—*Cead mille failte*.

HOME RULE.

There are unmistakable signs that this foolish movement, like the many other similar attempts to divert the Irish people from their true course that preceded it, is fast dying a natural death. We are glad of it; it was at best but a beggar's petition. "Give us," said the Home Rulers in effect, "the same legislative powers possessed by an American Board of Supervisors, and we will be happy. We do not want a separate flag or the control of a single soldier. Only give us a corporation a little superior to the one sitting on Cork Hill, and we are content." Is this the kind of language likely to be endorsed by a nation that has never yet ceased to struggle for its liberties, from the day its free soil felt the foot of the Danish foe to this very hour? How has this whining tone fallen on the ear of those brave fellows who proved, a few short years ago, their readiness to "die for the land they could not save"? The storm of indignation evoked has found expression in the formation of '82 Clubs, and the pages of our contemporary, the Dublin Irishman, every week chronicles their spread throughout the United Kingdom. That noble lady, the Marchioness of Queensberry, noble by birth, but nobler still by all these qualities which distinguish the good and gentle heart, has not hesitated to place on record her opinion of the Home Rule programme, and the defections from its ranks are every day on the increase. That it could ever really assume the shape of a national movement we did not seriously imagine at any time, nor would it ever have been worth while alluding to our part save that it tended to draw away our countrymen on a wild-goose chase after the unattainable. We want no compromise with England on any terms—the wolf can never be a fit mate for the lamb. She can not love us, for we have nothing in common, nor can we ever love her and remain true to the traditions of our race, which she has never ceased to crush and trample, but which is destined to rise in her despite, crowned with the glorious wreath of well-worn liberty.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Word to the Pious Catholic "Farmer of Pajaro Valley."

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist.

SIX—The Monitor, with a consistency worthy of itself, re-opens its columns to the wishy-washy ravings of "A Farmer of Pajaro Valley," although last week even its editor was forced to admit that he had enough of both the "Catholic Nationalist" and his friend the "Farmer," (*Arched Ambo*). I am certain Mr. Malone must feel much obliged for the kind advice offered by his Pajaro mentor, especially as it comes *ex ceteris* ad ceterum from virtue above reproach. Mr. Malone never asserted that all Irishmen were slaves; he only asserted that many of them were slaves; an opinion shared by such men as the late Gen. Thomas F. Meagher and Wm. Smith O'Brien. Men like "A Farmer" and a "Catholic Nationalist" injure the Irish cause, because in their eyes a priest "can do no wrong," and an Irishman can commit no fault against patriotism as long as he blindly and submissively follows the lead in politics of men who have led lives of constant submission to authorities that, from Adrian to Cullen, have ever been the friends of the power that holds him in thrall. There is an eternal fitness in things, and judging from the letters of "A Farmer," "a hay-stack in his hand" would be much more appropriate than a pen, and in smiting "the wild potato bug" he will have greater success than in his wild attempt to control, through a "Goula" sheet, an honest, old and well-tried Nationalist.

VENDEUM. SAT. SEP.

DUBLIN, October 1st, 1874.

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist.

SIX—Irish land-monopolists, resident and absentee, have lately been in the rudest manner, awakened from their fancied security—security partly purchased by delusive land-measures, and partly compelled by tyrannical coercion acts. During the last fortnight, with the mushrooms, and nearly as thick, have come sharp disturbances of their lethargy in the shape of agrarian outrages. Two, in Tipperary, an assassination in Mayo, an attempt to shoot an agent in Louth, and an attack on a man named Seery, in Westmeath, since the 17th ultimo, form a display of the "wild justice of revenge," which, enforced by the plain-spoken words of Mr. Marum at a tenant-right meeting in Kilkeany, "It was their own fault if they allowed their rents to be increased; they extirminated their brethren if they took lands from which other tenants had been evicted," will cause both the ears of every grasping eejit to tingle. Without wishing to justify such crimes—under any circumstances they are heinous moral offences, even when committed by the descendants of those from whom in times past the land was forcibly and foully wrested—they are not devoid of encouragement for those who look for Ireland's resuscitation from a far different source than the crumbs of liberty doled out by the niggardly hands of British statesmanship. In the first place, it shows that the Irish people are not to be cajoled by such treatises of justice as the late landact. The measure has had time to work. All it can do has been done, and that all is nothing. The poor farmer is evicted more ruthlessly than ever—for when by law a few pounds is fixed as an equivalent for eviction, even a generous landlord feels no compunction at ejecting on paying the sumable quid pro quo—and finds, with the fruits of his "damages for eviction" as much difficulty as ever in obtaining another tenancy, in as much as the competition of numerous holders of "damages for eviction" has raised the price of land proportionally. So the heart-broken and homeless ejected takes once again to the old blunderbuss as a more potent means to secure fixity of tenure than English legislation, and once again pours curses with renewed bitterness on the nation which, under the name of scolding balm, has filled to the brim his cup of gall. In a sermon preached near the scene

of the massacre of Clontibret, in the evening of

the second issue of the *Brennan* was a great improvement on the first, and has been accorded, we are glad to learn, a hearty and universal welcome. Our contemporary has entered on a field of journalism hitherto untried in this city, and in its columns will be found genuine wit without vulgarity or obscenity, and pleasant, quiet satire without a suspicion of black-mail. We hope it will speedily beat those profane little sheets out of the field, whose only fun lies in their profanity, and whose w^t is far too strong for ordinary stomachs.

The highly successful engagement of Frank Mayo, at the California, is now drawing to a close, and those who wish to see him in his great character impersonations have little time to lose. Of his "Davy Crockett" we have already spoken, and his rendition of "Badger" has been endorsed nightly by crowded houses.

The scenery in the latter piece ("The Streets of New York") was of a character to do credit to any theatre,

and it seems almost a pity that the management have withdrawn it. However, time was limited, and "Griffith Gun" is received with full approbation. Friday Mayo's benefit is the only night of "The Marble Heart," and Saturday concludes his engagement, with a matinee.

The "Three Guardsmen" in the evening.

The Overland for November is one of the best and most readable numbers of that popular magazine we have yet seen. The contents is diversified so as to please every taste, and science, literature, and art, are alike worthily represented in its pages. To particularize where there is so much excellence may be invidious, but we will specifically commend an "epistolary sketch" "Violets and Sweet Springs," among the press contributions, and F. L. Harcourt's "Crooked Lie," among the verse. The art is well made up, and the reviews are short but good. Mr. Fisher is fitting the editorial chair with credit to himself and advantage to the *Overland*.

A building for the Sisters of Charity is being erected at Santa Barbara, on the site of the one

burned last March. Its cost will be \$30,000.

Subscription to aid this to go on.

of the Tipperary murder, the priest, speaking of that crime in contrast with the singular freedom of Ireland from the brutal assassinations which put vaunted English civilization to the blush, draws the following very sensible conclusion:

"It is not," he says, alluding to the popular inclination to screen the perpetrators of such outrages, "it is not a sympathy with the crime itself which they feel, but they make its commission an occasion of protesting against British law and British rule. The memories of the people retain vivid impressions of the wrongs inflicted by the penal laws, and this makes them sympathetic with crime, not from any insensibility to its moral guilt, but from a dislike to the law which it violates." Again, as such deeds show a people smarting under their wrongs, they also show a people in a state of readiness to spring to their feet and grasp the first hand of hope outstretched to assist them to avenge these wrongs. In spite of coercion acts, in spite of domiciliary visits, they keep arms and ammunition; in spite of detectives, informers, and the gallows in the distance, they use these arms in redress of their private injuries. What then might not be expected if, instead of here and there the solitary gun behind the hedge, charged with the ammunition of blasted hopes and ghastly despair, the misguided but gallant heart which impels, and the pinched yet stalwart frame which acts, stood by the thousand in serried phalanx to exact retribution for the iniquities heaped, not only on themselves and their families, but upon their race and their country!

A flagrant instance has just come to light of the tyranny and illegality capable of being practiced by the Irish magisterial bench whenever their privileges or interests enter into the case. It seems that in the later part of August a man of the name of Richard Martin was brought before a special session of the Castlewellan, Co. Down, magistrates, charged with the heinous offence of the possession of eight pheasants. This dark crime having been proved to the magisterial satisfaction, the unfortunate culprit was in the magnanimous and sapient discretion of their worshipers committed to prison for six months with hard labor.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 31, 1874.

MORPHT BY THE GENIUS OF IRELAND.

THE MEN THAT ARE GONE.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT HENRY GRATTAN.

(From the Harp.)

At this time, when things in reference to Ireland are going curiously and remarkably on; when the "men of '48," Mitchel and Duffy, have returned to the old sod; when that splendid orator, Isaac Butt, is hard and earnestly working for the cause of his country, notwithstanding the efforts of another '48 man to break it up; when a phalanx of true men are after returning to their abodes after spending a term of hard work in the English House of Commons, it may not be out of place or uninteresting to place before our readers a few words about one of Ireland's truest sons—Henry Grattan. Amongst the trust of Ireland's sons were a good many Protestants, of whom Grattan was most prominent; and now, when Ireland is once more struggling for legislative independence, it is a most opportune time to give a few items with reference to this patriot who has an everlasting claim on the love, the gratitude, and veneration of his countrymen.

He was born in Dublin, in 1749; and, like most children, was constantly told a number of ghost stories by his nurse; and the defiant spirit which he afterwards showed, burst prominently forward even at that time; as he protected himself from the influence exercised on several occasions by the narration of such tales, by going nightly to a graveyard near his father's house, where he used to sit on graves while the perspiration

"streamed down his face."

The first school to which he was sent was to a Mr. Ball, in Great-Slip street, Dublin. He was not very long there when a *fracas* took place between himself and his master, in consequence of Grattan's father, who was a good classical scholar, having taught the boy to translate a certain passage in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* differently from the translation adopted by the schoolmaster. Ball taxed his pupil with stupidity, and wanted him to make a most abject apology, and Grattan was so indignant at his insolence that he insisted on leaving the school. His father then placed him at the academy of Mr. Young, in Abbey street, where men, well and honorably known in Irish history had received their education. He entered Trinity College in 1763, where he formed the acquaintance of Foster, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons; Fitzgibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare; and several other celebrities. He also, at this place, had a most intimate friend in the person of a young officer named Broome, with whom he kept up a constant epistolary correspondence; and some of his letters display a gloomy temperament which could not have been suspected by those who only knew Grattan in his public career.

In 1767 he went to London for the purpose of pursuing his legal studies, and was entered at the Middle Temple. He regularly attended in the House of Parliament, and the political ideas of which he was possessed were strengthened by hearing the great speakers who were then in the House. He was living for a short time in a country residence near Windsor Forest, and instead of finding repose in sleep, he would be nightly prowling around the garden of his landlady, addressing himself to "Mr. Speaker," etc. The proprietress thinking he was crazy, forgave him whatever rent he owed, on condition of his leaving the house. He would often, when no person was near, address a tree in soliloquy, and in that manner he early prepared himself for that assembly which he was destined in later life to adorn. From the earliest period of his existence, he resolved to assert, even by arms, if driven to them, the liberties of Ireland. Grattan's predominant passion was his patriotism. He was much impressed by a speech made by Mr. George Grenville, at the commencement of the dispute with America, in which that gentleman defended the right of England to tax America, and extended his doctrine to Ireland; and Grattan was known to say that speech filled his mind with a horror of the doctrine it advocated, and that he believed it was owing to it he afterwards became so very active in his opposition to the principles of British government in Ireland.

He loved Ireland with a devotion passionate, yet regulated and intelligent. He early saw that Irish prosperity and Irish constitutional freedom were impracticable, so long as the productive energies of the great bulk of the people were cramped, or rather neutralized, by the legal fetters that made them mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. A Protestant himself, he spurned the baseness of the bigots who desired to monopolize for Protestants all the privileges of citizenship. By his patriotic politics he incurred the displeasure of his father, who was colleague with the celebrated Charles Lucas in the representation of Dublin, and who marked his anger by bequeathing away from his son the family mansion of the Grattans. In those days the county of Kilkenny was renowned, as it has been at much later periods, for the extensive hospitality and social amusements of the principal inhabitants. Amateur theatricals were frequently practised. Grattan had connexions in Kilkenny; entered with spirit into the historical exhibitions of the joyous coterie whose gaiety and brilliancy yet lingered in the local traditions; and among whom a prominent character was Henry Flood, whose career, long continuing in friendly connexion with Grattan, and afterwards diverging into imbibed rivalry, is

inseparably connected with the great public transactions of the time. Grattan and Flood read poetry and acted plays together. Flood was fourteen years older than his friend; over whom his talents, his fascinating manners, his extensive information, and, above all, his services in asserting our legislative independence, necessarily gave him great influence. He had been representative in Parliament for Kilkenny since 1859, and had greatly distinguished himself by creating a powerful opposition in the House, and eliciting from the country a large display of public opinion in favor of the course he adopted. He effectively promoted the Octennial Act of 1788, by which the duration of each parliament was limited to eight years, instead of continuing, as had been previously the case, for the life of the reigning sovereign. But, while Flood was on most points in accordance with Grattan, there was one vital matter on which their principles were totally at variance. Flood, while strenuously asserting the independence of the Irish legislature, opposed every political concession to the Catholics. He was willing to relieve them from all restrictions as to property or individual employment. But he would not remove one single link of the purely political chain; he would not suffer them to vote at parliamentary elections. Grattan, with a larger heart, and greater sagacity, conceived that the permanency of the Irish constitution was fatally imperilled by excluding the great majority of the people from the full participation in its benefits. The result has justified his present wisdom. In 1775 the brother of Lord Charlemont, Major Caulfield, was drowned on the passage from England. His death caused a vacancy in the borough of Charlemont, which the noble patron filled up by nominating Grattan, who took his seat on the 11th December in that year.

Further on, the agitation for free-trade, backed by the volunteer army, resulted in success. But the speeches of Grattan, and of the patriots who worked with him in Parliament, produced a strong conviction throughout Ireland that the acquisitions they had gained were insecure, so long as the British legislature considered itself entitled to any species of authority in Irish concerns.

Early in the session of 1770, Grattan gave notice that he would move for a Declaration of Irish Rights. "This measure," says his son, "alarmed the Castle, and every effort was made to stop the growth of popular feeling. The Government proceeded to canvass against the Declaration of Rights and the repeal of Poyning's Law." But the Government canvassed in vain. Grand juries, county meetings, meetings of volunteer corps, passed numberless resolutions affirming that no power on earth was entitled to make laws for Ireland save only the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland. Grattan, previously to bringing on his resolution in the House of Commons, retired to the residence of his uncle, Colonel Marley, at Celbridge Abbey, to meditate on his approaching motion. He has himself given us the following account of his patriotic resolutions: "I grew convinced that I was right; arguments, unanswerable, came to my mind, and what I then prepared confirmed me in my determination to persevere; a great spirit arose among the people, and the speech which I delivered afterwards in the House communicated fire and impelled them on; the country caught the flames, and it rapidly extended. I was supported by eighteen counties, by the grand jury addresses, and the resolutions of the Volunteers. I stood upon that ground, and was determined never to yield. I brought on the question on the 19th of April, 1780. That was a great day for Ireland; that day gave her liberty." The speech Grattan delivered on that day was a triumphant vindication of his country's rights. Here is an extract:

"I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags; he may be naked, he shall not be in iron; and I do see that the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and, though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and, though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ that conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him. I shall move: 'That the King's most excellent Majesty and the Lords and Commons of Ireland are the only power competent to make laws to bind Ireland.'

This is what the Irish people are now unanimously looking for, and it shows the spirit which lived in Grattan is still alive; and no one, no matter how prejudiced, can say that it is not the unanimous wish of the Irish people that they should have their own Parliament. The same thing was said that time to Grattan as is now said to Butt: that the movement was only "veiled rebellion."

After a long course of events, the rebellion of '98 having been quashed, etc., and Grattan having suffered from severe illness, we come to 1800. The friends of Ireland were necessarily anxious that Grattan should re-enter Parliament. It changed that a vacancy in the borough of Wicklow occurred just in time to enable the patron of the borough, Mr. Tighe, to have Grattan returned at the opening of the session. A stormy debate had occupied the day and night when at seven o'clock in the morning of the 15th of January, 1800, Grattan, emaciated and feeble from his long illness, entered the House of Commons supported by two trusty friends, Mr. Arthur Moor and Mr. W. B. Ponsonby. His reappearance at that awful crisis of his country's fate excited the strongest emotion in the House

and galleries. A cheer broke forth, prolonged and vehement; friends crowded round him; but their delight at his return to the scene of his old glories was qualified by the deep anxiety with which they regarded his evident physical exhaustion. Being unable to stand, he obtained permission to address the House sitting; and in the course of a speech of two hours, he dissected the ministerial project, exposing the sophistry of its advocates, and demonstrating its fatal tendency, with the vigorous logic and impassioned eloquence that had characterised his most effective parliamentary efforts. During the session he frequently spoke against the ministerial scheme. On the 14th of February, Mr. Corry taunted him with his absence from Ireland during the previous year. Grattan, in his answer, took occasion to refer to the monstrous crimes committed by the agents of the administration: "I could not join the rebels—I could not join the government—I could not join torturers—I could not join half-hangings—I could not join free quarters—I could take part with neither. I was therefore absent from a scene where I could not be active without self-reproach, nor indifferent with safety." He also said: "The treason of the Minister against the liberties of the people was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the Minister."

In the beginning of 1820 his health gave way, and his physical weakness, increased by old age, rendered it apparent that his time on earth must be short. His anxiety to get to London to move the Catholic question in Parliament induced him to disregard the advice of his physician, who assured him that he ought to avoid all mental and bodily exertion; and that if he persisted in undertaking the journey, the responsibility would be his own. His weakness was so great that the leading Catholics implored him to abandon the intention of going to plead their cause in London. He said, "Nothing but physical impossibility shall prevent me, as I consider that my last breath belongs to my country!" He also said that, if unable to speak for the Catholics, he could pray for them. He had always a profound sense of religion. He was free from sanctimonious pretension, or the cant of piety; but he only gave expression to his life-long sentiments when he said, in his last illness, "I can do nothing of myself. I protest myself, with all my sins, at the foot of the cross, and I trust to the mercy of my Redeemer." He persisted in going to London where he hoped to utter his last public words in the cause of Catholic Emancipation. But the journey realized the fears of the physicians. He reached London on the 31st of May, 1820, and died there on the 4th of June. He expressed the strongest wish that his body should be buried in the graveyard of Moyanne, in the Queen's County; and it was only when he was unable to utter scarcely a sentence that he gave consent to the request of the Duke of Sussex, and some other English friends, to be buried in Westminster Abbey. Before the close of the present year his statue, which is executed by an able Irish artist, will be erected in College Green, facing that grand old house whose walls so often echoed with his magnificent eloquence, that grand old building now occupied by the Bank of Ireland, which amongst all the banks refuses to subscribe for any patriotic or Catholic object. We hope that they will soon have to move their office to another quarter, and that Ireland's sons will again show forth to the world their eloquence in discussing laws for their own country. A crisis cannot be very far distant, and the work which the gallant band of Irishmen have got through during the past session of the English Parliament, in opposing coercion and gaining other important victories, show that gold cannot buy them; nor an office satisfy them any more than it could Grattan.

With the never failing pens of Mitchel and Duffy to work in literature, and the eloquence of Butt, we hope soon to see that grand old country what she ought to be—

"Great glorious and free."

First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.

Mr. O'Connor Power, M. P.

It will be remembered that the junior member for Mayo was appointed last session by the Home Rule members to bring the treatment of political prisoners under the notice of Parliament, and that the returns for which he moved were opposed by the Government. Mr. Power is now endeavoring to elicit some information on the subject in another way. He paid a visit to one of the political prisoners, who is confined at Portsmouth. Mr. James Clancy, whom he found in a very low state of health, resulting from the harsh treatment to which he had been subjected for the last six years. Mr. Power had applied to the Home Secretary for a special order to visit Mr. Michael Davitt, who, owing to the fact that all his relations are in America, has not been visited by anyone since the date of his conviction for treason felony four years ago. Mr. Davitt is confined at Dartmoor. *Weekly Examiner.*

H. J. O'BRIEN confidently expects to make "THE AR-

CADe" the most popular Dry Goods Emporium in the State, and to conclusively prove to the public that goods can be sold quite as cheap, if not cheaper, in a store of the style and finish of "THE ARCADe," as in the humbllest and most unpretending building in San Francisco.

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THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 31, 1874.

TRACING FIGURES IN THE SAND.

BY ANNIE KEELLY.

Authoress of "Beautiful Snow."

How often in my dreams I trace
The sunlit sea, the moonlit shore,
The frowning rocks, the sandy waste,
My foot has trod in days of yore.
Again, as in my childhood's hours,
I wandered by the sounding sea
And gazed upon the rippling wave.
That formed a world of love to me.

Abandoned then to childhood's joys
I wandered by the silvery strand,
And oft my infant thoughts employed
By tracing figures in the sand.
And once again upon that shore,
As when a babbling child I stood,
I gazed upon those frowning rocks
Washed by the wild and wayward flood.

But, ah! so childish impress now.
Is stamped upon my careworn face;
A heart the world has crushed and torn
"Twere easy on my brow to trace.
Still, idly of a Summer's eve
I wandered by the sunlit sea,
But trace no name upon the sand
That once was all in all to me.

For memory's dreams will come and go—
Though rippling waters round me play—
To haunt me in each gliding wave,
Like mountains fading far away;
For childhood's joys and woman's love
Were scattered by a lavish hand;
And now no more my sunlit sea
I trace my thoughts upon the sand.

French Peculiarities.

Tom Hood's experience in the French Capital the miseries of which he poetically set forth afterwards, were somewhat different from those of Mark Twain. Among other verses of like tendency he wrote these:

"Never go to France,
Unless you know the lingo.
If you do, like me,
You'll regret, by jingo.

"Signs I had to make
For every little notion:
Arms all the while agog,
Like a telegraph in motion.

"If I wanted a horse,
How do you think I got it?
I got outside my cage,
And made believe to trot it.

Twain's description of his "First Supper in France" shows a different state of things there now. He says: "We stopped at the first cafe we came to, and entered. An old woman seated us at a table and waited for orders. The doctor said:

"'Avez vous du vin?'"
The dame looked perplexed. The doctor said again with elaborate distinctness of articulation:

"'Doctor, avez vous du vin—on fracture—pain—picked pigs feet—peur—des ois—du beuf—horse-radish—son crout—hog and hominy—anything, anything in the world that can stay a Christian's stomach.'"

"She said:

"'Bless you, why didn't you speak English before? I don't know anything about your plagued French.'

This same language was a matter of complaint years ago to a writer from France, under the *som de plume* of "The Disbanded Soldier." He speaks of it as "on hand to articulate." "The grammar," he says, "is oral; specially the genders, and the numerous incoherencies."

A pie is a *he*, and yet it call it *Fatty*, and a *loaf* is a *he*, too, but if you cut a slice off it, that's a *she*. The pen I'm driving is a *she*, but the paper I'm writing is a *he*. A thief, he further remarks, "is masculine, but the hater that hangs him feminine." But this he thinks is not so bad, as they're some little satisfaction in being embraced by a female nose. "F-e-m-m-e," he declares, "ought to spell femmy—but I'm bluffed if they don't pronounce it *fau*!"

Turning the Tables.

When the lights were glimmering on Kearny street, and people were hurrying along to where pleasure or inclination led them, a tall and rather dashingly dressed man walked steadily into a saloon, paid a bit for an eye-opener, and composed himself in a chair to read the evening paper in the reading room. Marks Gruschenko and John Sullivan, gentlemen of leisure, were in that room and winked significantly at the stranger buried himself in the paper. One of the parties after a while produced a pack of cards and invited the stranger to "take a hand in the little game of draw just to while away the time." The stranger had not much knowledge of the game, but as time hung heavy on his hands he had no objections. The "cut-throat" game had not progressed far when, like the guileless Ah Sin played Jim Nye, the stranger produced a few cards with which he "raised" the other two nearly out of their boots. The cheat was detected, whereupon Marks and his associate went for him, but the wily gambler—for such he evident-ly was—a seized a heavy pitcher, and in the twinkling of an eye both of them sprawling all over the saloon and howling like a regiment of tomcats for mercy, after which the stranger vanished in the gloom of an ally in the rear. Marks and his companion were escorted to the City Prison, where Dr. Stiver labored for an hour in patching two badly damaged heads. Could the stranger have been "Slim Jim" or the redoubtable Jack Rosch?

A STORY reaches us from Detroit of a sad eyed boy "with dirt on his chin and a tear in his nose," who went in to Detroit police station, and, having stated that he was a homeless waif, asked humbly to be sent to the State Reform School. Wouldn't he prefer to go to the Workhouse? O no! he had a brother in the Reform School, and would like to be with his dear brother. Still he didn't want to go out and steal something to qualify himself for the School. This touched the heart of a gentleman present, who, after consulting the Sergeant, said: "I guess we can fix it, my dear boy, I am going to leave my wallet on the desk for the Sergeant, and I will go up stairs. If you take the wallet it will be stolen, and then you can be sent to the Reform School as you wish." So the wallet was deposited on the desk, the men went upstairs, and when they came down, not only was the property gone, but "the boy, where was he?" Alas! he had bettered his instructions and vanquished the ranch of justice, leaving the owner of the pocketbook a wiser man by about \$6 worth. Singularly enough the lad hasn't yet come back to be sentenced and sent to School.

A SIMPLE PLAN OF VENTILATION.—The following simple method of ventilating ordinary sleeping and dwelling rooms is recommended by Mr. Hinton in his "Physiology for Practical Use." A piece of wood three inches high, and exactly as long as the breadth of the window, is to be prepared. Let the sash be now raised, the strip of wood placed on the sill, and the sash drawn closely upon it. If the sash has been well fitted, there will be no draught in consequence of this displacement of the sash at its lower part; but the top of the lower sash will overlap the bottom of the upper one, and between the two bars perpendicular currents of air, not felt as draughts, will enter and leave the room.

The January Record.

Arrival of John Mitchel in Killarney.

The inhabitants of this town were taken by agreeable surprise on Thursday evening when it was announced that our distinguished fellow-countryman was to arrive by the six o'clock train. Mr. Coffey, of the Lake Hotel, had received a telegram from Dublin in the morning, but by some means it was not known in the town till a quarter to six o'clock, and consequently the reception was not what it would have been had the public been aware of the coming of the "illustrious exile." However, though short the notice was, the towns-people did not fail to show by their presence at the station, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the train, that "a dead mille fallois" was in store for our welcome visitor. Owing to the great crush on the platform, Mr. Mitchel was not observed for a few moments, but soon as he was recognized taking a seat in an open carriage, which was waiting for him, a tremendous cheer was given and repeated. As the carriage moved off there was general rush by all to get a glimpse of the exile. The people did not feel pleased with the driver for driving quite so fast. The carriage drove through College and Hemmestreeks, so that the people residing there were affording no opportunity of seeing one of Ireland's best sons, who had come down amongst the Kerry mountains to breathe the fresh air, and pay perhaps, the last visit to the old ruins whose walls remind him of deeds that are done. Mr. Mitchel is accompanied by his daughter, and will remain the guest of Mr. Coffy for a few days, when he will take his departure for Cork, en route to the Western Republic. "Cork Examiner," Oct. 1st.

DEPARTURE OF MR. MITCHEL FROM KILLARNEY.

The ovation given to the illustrious personage on his departure from the "capital of the Lakes" was of such an enthusiastic character as to reflect much credit on the national spirit of the inhabitants of Killarney. When it had become known that he was to leave by 9 a.m. a train on Saturday morning, the approaches to the railway station were literally black with people. The moment that he made his appearance to the hotel phalanx a ringing cheer was given for the hero of '48. This cheering was kept up while he was proceeding to the compartment, specially arranged for himself and his party. It was when in the compartment that manifestations of genuine nationality were given. The people cheering were for "48," "Boycott," P. J. Smyth, M.P., was not forgotten and for this his hearty and an enthusiastic burst was given. Previous to the departure of the train Mr. Daniel O'Callaghan, Sen., one of the oldest nationalists in the town, recited a verse of "Let Erin remember the day of old," etc. It was at this juncture that Mr. Mitchel became apparently annoyed, after expressing his increased surprise at the reception he experienced from the good people of Killarney, he stated in less than a dozen words, his unfinishing fidelity to his former feelings of nationality still. The shrill whistle of the engine, and its snorting when getting into motion was the occasion of a passing cheer, mingled with waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which the distinguished gentlemen and ladies warmly acknowledged. Correspondent of the Irishman.

A FRENCH JOURNALIST ON THE RELIGION OF ENGLISHMEN.—Lord Ripon's conversion afford M. John Lemoino a text for an article in the *Journal des Debats*, in which he thus writes of the religion of Englishmen:

"We, for our part, have no comment to make on the conduct of Lord Ripon, as it was doubtless determined by reasons of conscience, with which no one has a right to interfere. But in all the recriminations of that conversion is the object, where is the share of that freedom of conscience, that liberty on which the English are so fond of pluming themselves? The truth is that the English religion is a purely national one; it is a local and territorial creed, and when a man abandons the Church of State he is accused of betraying the country itself. We have read somewhere that it is not Christianity that is the religion of the Englishman, it is England. It is not the Gospel, but Magna Charta. For him the mystery of the Most Holy Trinity is nothing more than the equilibrium of Kings, Lords and Commons. He is religious through patriotism; he respects all national institutions, and the Established Church is one of them, like the jury, the Habes Corpus, horse racing, or portrait painting. Thus by the single fact that he becomes Catholic, Lord Ripon ceases to be English in the eyes of true Englishmen; that is to say, that there is no human science, but only English ones.

THE WRONG END OF A JOKE.—It is not well to try experiments upon persons of dull imagination. A story is told of an old French shoemaker, who, being deficient in that respect, was able to boast that nothing could frighten him. Strange noise did not alarm him, strange sights did not terrify him, for he had not sufficient imaginative power to suppose that they were out of the ordinary course, or in any way uncanny. But two friends of his vowed that they could and would give him a scare. So one of them pretended to die, the other persuaded the shoemaker to watch the body on the following night. The son of Crispin, being an industrious man, took his work into the chamber of the dead, and the hours wore on and he took an occasional sip of beverage by his side, he grew slightly, and began to sing, whereupon the supposed corpse rose slowly from his coffin and said, in a sepulchral voice, "When a man is in the presence of death he should not sing." The corpse was not in the least degree surprised, still less alarmed. That a corpse should speak conveyed no terror to his dull fancy; he only knew that it was contrary to regulations, and replied, "When a man is dead he should not speak." He gave the pretended corpse such a smart blow on the head with his cobbler's hammer that the unfortunate practical joker had no opportunity of telling his confederate of the failure of their experiment.

A SIMPLE PLAN OF VENTILATION.—The following simple method of ventilating ordinary sleeping and dwelling rooms is recommended by Mr. Hinton in his "Physiology for Practical Use." A piece of wood three inches high, and exactly as long as the breadth of the window, is to be prepared. Let the sash be now raised, the strip of wood placed on the sill, and the sash drawn closely upon it. If the sash has been well fitted, there will be no draught in consequence of this displacement of the sash at its lower part; but the top of the lower sash will overlap the bottom of the upper one, and between the two bars perpendicular currents of air, not felt as draughts, will enter and leave the room.

The January Record.

SPERMATOCRINE.

P. Doherty has published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence, or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatozoa, their functions, the causes of their diminution, and the physical and medical consequences of the disease consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the sexual organs.

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all, whether married or single, and will be sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps for return postage. Address W. K. Doherty, M.D., vol. 1, 10th and Kearny streets, San Francisco, Cal.

STEREOMORPHOSCOPE.

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THE IRISH NATIONALIST

7

The Politicians and How The State is Made.

[From the N. Y. Irish Democrat.]

It is truly said that a man never knows the value of money until he is poor! We would improve on this and say, that a man never recognizes what value he is to the politicians until the election comes round! The prosperous politician, who, in his vulgar pride and ignorance, would not recognize him a few months ago, will now take him by the hand and actually descend to drink with him in the next rum-shop. This is the price he pays for his vote, and his victim feels so flattered at the politician's condescension, that he prostitutes himself to become his mere tool, and to vote just as the other dictates to him.

Before the elections the politicians are all urbanity and are loud in praise of their own righteousness, and the endless benefits they will confer on the toiling, laboring and mechanical classes. Their rhetoric is something delightful to hear at public meetings; and if you are to believe them, they, the political Democrats, are immaculate, while all the crimes and errors and mismanagement of our City Government are laid to the charge of their rivals, the Republicans. Such clap-trap had its day, but the people are opening their eyes to the fact that they are the mere tools of political tricksters, to be used for election purposes, and ignored afterwards. Last winter, when the poor of this city were dying of want and starvation, did the politicians come to their relief? When that baneful English pauper system of soup houses was introduced into this city, and strong men and women who craved for work and honest bread, were forced, through sheer hunger, to live on charity, where, we ask, were the politicians then? We shall answer you. Some of them, and even Tammany Democrats at that, were busy in Albany trying to kill a bill that provided for the appropriation of two million dollars for the carrying on of public works in the city. Had that bill been allowed to go through, none of you would be humiliated to go round as paupers and live on charity soup. We know the men that worked to kill that bill; we know the motives that inspired them, and we have marked them out for future reference. From this single instance of how the people are sacrificed to party purposes and political expediency, they should take to heart the lesson that they are nothing in the eyes of the politicians except so far as their votes count, and that they should band together to secure the nomination and election of honest representative men. To do this you must act independently of party, as far as to vote for no one whom you know to be your enemy, religiously or politically. We would ask—Has reformed Tammany purified its ranks of such scoundrel, sectarian elements? We fear not. On the contrary since the unfortunate so-called July riots of '71, it is only becoming to know Nothing and intolerance that the Republicans over rule. The different branches of this city, over which so-called Democrats preside, are full of Know Nothing employees, and in fact, an Irishman or a Catholic has little or no chance among them. He has a much better chance of recognition and position in the Post Office or Custom house than in any of the city departments. We ask—Is this just, is it fair towards the great Irish Democratic element of the city and State? But then, we must recollect that the party is sure of the Irish vote, and what necessity have they of constituting it?

We have heard a politician—bastard Irishman, too—say—“Why need we trouble ourselves about the Irish?” A glass of whiskey on election day can secure their votes.”

What then of the dignified standard by which the politicians estimate you, fellow Irish-American citizens? It makes an honest Irishman’s blood run cold to hear such a living accusation made against you. After using you, these political tricksters and slate-makers despise you. You are useful to them, and no more.

We ask you when have they respected your voice in selecting their candidates for nomination? We fear that “Reformed Tammany” is not a whit less arbitrary in this respect than “Ring Tammany,” for we are assured on the best authority, that the nominations for office are to-day bartered by certain leaders for their value in gold. Yet these men will tell you that they respect the will of the people, that they are good Democrats, and would make any sacrifice for the good of the party.

They are simply political charlatans, who trade and grow rich on the votes of the people. If you examine the lists of our general committees, particularly in the down-town wards, we ask you of what material are they composed? Are they not the mere creatures of a few political leaders, who have them in the party lead just as they like. These few autocrats run the machinery in their own interests, and caucuse together and either nominate their friends or sell the nomination to some party with more money than brains. These nominations are settled and disposed of months before the elections take place, and yet these men call themselves Democrats. If such traders and traffickers in man’s consciences and votes are Democrats, Democracy must have sunk low indeed, and must stink in the nostrils of every honest high-minded man. As a specimen of how these slate-makers respect the voice of the people, in a Congressional District which is three-fourths Irish, it is said that a true blue member of the Christian Young Men’s Association, and a man who, we are informed, used all his influence to convict Colonel Corcoran, is slated for the nomination. Again, a civil justice is to be elected for another thoroughly Irish district, and one would naturally think that a good Irish Democrat would be nominated. But no! a carpet-bagger bigot is said to be slated for it. But, then, that is another part of the contract. The principal of true Democracy is to respect the voice and wishes of the people, and to nominate for office men who best know their wants and are in thorough accord with them. If all we hear be true regarding the nominations to be made by Tammany this time, the Irish will get a poor representation in the ticket.

The *Herald*, treating of this subject, says:

“We have said that nothing could be more graceful than to show some recognition of the Irish element in the city. Tammany has always been loud in its devotion to the Irish cause until the time came for nominating candidates to office. Then the Irishmen were forgotten. In the old time, when men were singled out for honor, it was Fernando Wood and Hoffman and Gunther who were chosen—who were not Irish and had no real sympathy with the Irish people. Now and then, under some strong pressure, a bone would be tossed to the Irishmen by the nomination of an O’Gorman for the

How the Great Napoleon Died.

The following incident is given by the *Lamp* as from the pen of the celebrated Abbé Roubacher. It is one, one contemporary adds, which has been seldom seen by the general reader, and will prove of great interest to Catholics, as it at once contradicts the absurd and irreligious stories that have been circulated in regard to the death of Napoleon Bonaparte by a certain class of historians:—We have seen a man who, in the history of world, walked in the footsteps of Nimrod, Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar, and Charlemagne. We have seen Napoleon, the modern incarnation of military and political genius. We have seen him turn his dying eyes towards Rome, and ask for a Catholic priest to receive his last confessions, and to sanctify his last moments on the rock of St. Helena. On the 27th of April, 1821, he found himself irretrievably attacked by the disease of which his father died. From this moment, says the reverend biographer, he occupied himself with piety, and the priest of Vignali was almost constantly with him. “I was born in the Catholic religion,” he said at different times, “I desire to fulfil all the duties it imposes, and to receive all the consolations, all the assistance that I hope for from it.” One of the companions of his captivity, the Count Montholon, adds:—“On the 29th of April I had passed thirty-nine years at the bedside of the Emperor, without allowing me to be replaced in this pious and filial service; when in the night between the 29th and 30th of April, he appeared to be concerned on account of the fatigue I was suffering, and begged of me to let the Abbé Vignali take my place. His persistence proved to me that he spoke under preoccupation foreign to the thought that he had expressed to me. He permitted me to speak to him as a father. I dared to say that I comprehended, and he answered without hesitation, ‘Yes, it is the priest that I ask for; take care that I am left alone, and say nothing.’ I obeyed and brought directly the Abbé Vignali, whom I warned of the holy mystery he was about to exercise. Introduced to Napoleon, the priest fulfilled all the duties of his office. After having humbly confessed the Emperor, formerly so proud, received the Victimatic and Extreme Unction, and passed the whole of the night in prayer, and in touching and sincere acts of piety. In the morning when General Montholon arrived, he said to me in an affectionate tone of voice, and full of satisfaction—‘General, I am happy; I have fulfilled all my religious duties, and I wish you at your death the same happiness. I had need of it. I am an Italian, and a child of rank of Corsica. The sound of the bell affects me—the sight of a priest gives me pleasure. I desired to make a mystery of this, but it would not be right; I ought and I will render glory to God. I think that he will not be pleased to restore me to health; but give your orders, general. Let an alter be prepared in the next room; let the Blessed Sacrament be exposed, and let the Forty Hours’ Prayer be said.’ The general was going out for the purpose of executing the order, when Napoleon called him back. ‘No,’ he said, ‘you have many enemies; as a noble they will impinge this arrangement on you, and will say my senses were wandering. I will give the orders myself.’ And from the orders given by Napoleon himself, an alter was arranged in an adjoining room, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. The Emperor had still some lucid moments, and he recalled all the good that he had done in his life for religion. At least, he said, ‘I re-established religion. It is a service of which no man can count the consequences, for what would man become without religion?’ Then he added—‘There is nothing terrible in death; it has been the companion of my pillow for the last three weeks, and now it is upon the point of seizing me forever. I should like to see my wife and son once more, but the will of God be done.’ On the 3rd of May he received the Victimatic for the second time, and having bade adieu to his generals, he pronounced these words—‘I am at peace with all mankind.’ He then joined his hands, saying, ‘My God!’ and expired on the 5th of May, at six o’clock at night.

An American View of Ireland

The English correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in a recent letter to that paper on the doing of the British Association at its recent session in Belfast, pays the following glowing tribute to Ireland and Tammany:—

“I hope everyone carries away as pleasant memories of Belfast as I do. I concur most heartily with a writer in the *New York Tribune* who—full of thought for the interests of his whole country as he is indifferent to the selfish jealousies of its sects—makes some sensible suggestions to the parting members of the Association.

“When they go home they may tell their surprised auditors that life is much safer here, and the person more secure from violent attack, than in the suburbs of London; that even our country roads after dark are much safer than Whitehall at midnight, to say nothing of Regent’s Park or the Thames Embankment. Our outbursts of violent and disorderly conduct are solely matters of creed, and are regulated by periodicity. If tourists will avoid the 12th of July and the 15th of August they will seldom, if ever, see an Irish row. We only fight when we are in an extra religious frame of mind, and on stated occasions.

“Any word of mine can induce Americans to see more of Ireland it shall not be wanting. They may feel sure that, as the same writer says, the Irish people are not all rough, that Irish scenery is not all rock and bog, that the sun can shine very brightly here, that the land is full of fresh greenery and balmy air. Many, as I know, of the members of the British Association have found that Irish hospitality and Irish warm-heartedness are not the mere shadows of a name, and nobody has better reason to say so than I have. If I have spoken freely of clerical or political bigotry it is because I believe the spirit of the bigot a curse to the country. But for the many virtues and high qualities of the people of Ulster I have nothing but sincere admiration.

The Herald, treating of this subject, says:

“Breakfast for ninety-nine,” said a waiter to a verdant clerk at a hotel, not long ago. “Thunder!” said the clerk, “we can’t do it!” The waiter explained that ninety-nine was the number of the room.

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